

## CHILDREN.

The sleeping echoes of her quiet room  
Are never waked by bursts of childish glee,  
And up the polished staircase never come  
Light pattering of footsteps swift and free,  
Alone she sits and in the twilight gloom  
Dreams happily of what shall never be!

Sometimes her wistful fancy strews the floor  
(Rich carpeted and neat) with broken toys;  
Paints finger prints on window glass and door,  
Hears echoes of shrill laughter and rude noise;  
All that a tired mother might deplore  
Would seem to her starved heart as priceless joys!

Till, from the world without, some sudden note  
Of childish voices through her vision rings,  
And souls of anguish rise to her white throat,  
Round which no dimpled arm in mischief clings;  
Gone are the sweet dream-fancies, as may float  
From earth to heaven the flash of angel wings.

And yet, no little empty crib is there  
To mock the mother arms, outstretched in vain,  
She hoards no shining tress of silken hair,  
No tiny grave where buried hopes lie slain;  
Only the deeper loss she has to bear  
Upon whose heart no babe of hers has lain.



## A Soldier's Gratitude

First Lieutenant Robert Emmett Kavanaugh was pacing up and down his narrow quarters in Fort Grady, Michigan, holding a telegram in his hand. He had read it twenty times, but at every second turn in his nervous walk he read it again. The telegram was dated Chicago, and this is what it said: "Leave Thursday for Florida; Uncle Frank Ill. Stay in definite, Norah Desmond."

Lieut. Bob Emmett and Norah Desmond were engaged. They were to be married as soon as a few accommodating superior officers would consent to be killed off or die in their beds and thereby give Bob a chance to write captain instead of lieutenant before his name on the official papers.

"Norah's going to Florida," he muttered to himself. "I haven't seen her for three weeks and won't see her for six months to come. Uncle Frank is one of the kind who never dies and who never gets well, and Norah'll stay down there until the old man is willing to let her go. She's more of a stickler for duty than Old Mugs, the commanding officer, and that's saying a lot. He won't give me a leave; I've had too many. Great Winfield Scott, but I would like to see Norah before she goes." And Lieut. Robert Emmett Kavanaugh sighed.

Bob Kavanaugh couldn't keep anything to himself, and in five minutes he was telling his woes to Capt. Percy Lanyard of the artillery corps. "Brace up, Kavanaugh," said Lanyard; "Mugs is going to send a general prisoner through Chicago to Fort Sheridan to stand trial. It isn't a very pleasant duty, but if you'll volunteer, I think Mugs will send you, and you can stop on our way back from Fort Sheridan—it is only a few miles from Chicago—and see your blue-eyed Norah before she gets on the Florida limited."

Twelve hours from that time Bob Kavanaugh was sitting in a smoking car on a Chicago bound train, with a big Colt revolver strapped around him and an enlisted man, with a downcast look, sitting alongside of him. Bob Kavanaugh had a soft heart. The soldier at his side had been eight years of service and had never been in trouble before. He had assaulted the "top" sergeant, a serious offense in the army, as may go without saying.

Part of a freight train went into the ditch ahead of the Fort Grady passenger train. Kavanaugh and his prisoner were delayed five hours. Finally the way was cleared and the train ran on to Chicago. It was Thursday, and in four hours Norah's train would leave for Florida. It was utterly impossible for the officer to get his prisoner to Fort Sheridan and to return in time to say good-by to his fiancée.

Kavanaugh and his charge stepped from the train into the Chicago depot. Bob's heart was sore. "I must see her," he said to himself. "I can't stand it for six months." At that instant he saw at the depot cigar stand, making a purchase, Jack Bacon, a Chicago club man, and an intimate friend. Kavanaugh hurried his charge over toward the young fellow. "Jack, old man, glad to see you. You have an hour or two to spare. I know you have; don't say no. And with this the lieutenant grabbed his friend

by the arm, motioned his prisoner to walk ahead, and the three went on a half trot into the office of a hotel across the street. Kavanaugh threw a \$2 bill before the clerk and ordered a room. He hurried the astounded Jack Bacon and the prisoner into the apartment on the second floor.

"Jack," said Kavanaugh, in a low tone, "as you love me, watch this man. I must see Norah Desmond. She's off for Florida. Take this gun and don't fall me," and with that First Lieutenant Robert Emmett



"I took a shot at him," Kavanaugh shoved a revolver into Jack Bacon's hand, bolted through the door out of the hotel and on to a trolley car. In twenty minutes he was with Norah Desmond, who was in the midst of the last hour of preparation for her Florida trip.

In twenty minutes more the door bell of the flat rang violently. The maid opened it, and in rushed Jack Bacon, flushed and fairly beside himself. "Bob," he yelled, "your prisoner skipped. He kicked open a door into the next room and jumped onto a low roof and then into the alley. I took a pot shot at him, but missed, and when I got down he was clean gone."

Bob Kavanaugh sank into a chair, his face pale. "Norah," he said, "this means court-martial and dismissal for me unless I can catch the fellow. It's a clean case of neglect of duty. It's all up, dear, if I don't get him, and if I'm kicked out of the army I don't know what I'll do. But this won't catch him. I'm off, but I'll be at the train to say good-by; and Kavanaugh was out of the door and down the stairs four steps at a time.

Over on Halsted street in a room above a store a pretty, pale girl sat talking to a soldier in uniform. "It's all up, Polly," he was saying. "I hit the 'top' sergeant. He deserved it, but I was put in arrest and was to be tried, and it meant two years. I just cut away from a 'cl' whom the officer who had me in tow left me in care of."

"Oh, this is awful, Jim," said the girl, "and you'll be a deserter, too." "I won't get any more for that than I'll get for the other." Then suddenly changing the subject the soldier asked: "How's your mother?"

"Better, Jim, but she'd have died if it hadn't been for Miss Norah Desmond. She's an angel. I had to stop work to nurse mother, and the money gave out and I got sick, and Miss Norah gave us a nurse and a doctor and did lots else. I think she saved my life, too."

"Norah Desmond, Polly? That's the name of the girl the lieutenant I cut from is to marry. He'll be disgraced and the girl will suffer. She saved you and your mother, did she, Polly. Get on your things, quick. She leaves for Florida. I know the train. The lieutenant'll be there, I know that. Hurry, girl."

Lieut. Robert Emmett Kavanaugh was kissing Norah Desmond good-by. Just then from behind him came a voice loud and with something of a ring of humor in it. "Sir, all are present and accounted for." Kavanaugh turned like a flash. There stood Private Spencer saluting with his right

hand, while his left was holding that of a very pretty girl.

"Spencer, you're a brick," said Kavanaugh, and nothing but army training kept him from slapping his inferior on the back. "I'll use every official friend I have to get you out of your scrape."

A year later in pleasant quarters at Fort Grady sat Capt. Kavanaugh and his wife. "Norah," he said, "First Sergeant James Spencer has applied for a furlough to go to Chicago to get married. Shall I approve the application?"

"Bob, if you don't," said Norah, with her eyes dancing. "I'll get a divorce."

## STRENUOUS LIFE IN NAVY.

Trophies and Athletic Equipment for Jackies of the Missouri.

The strenuous life is now extending to the navy and at a quick pace. Some time ago Secretary Moody, as a result of a conversation with the President, promulgated an order authorizing the issue to any ship whose commander should report to the department that his crew has a well-developed athletic organization, of certain sporting paraphernalia appropriate to the character of certain games in which the men excel, and of a series of prizes or trophies for which they may contend. This has been acted upon by the battleship Missouri, with the result that orders have been issued for her equipment with two punching bags, twenty-four baseballs, four footballs, twelve bats, twelve broadswords, six sets of eight-ounce boxing gloves, six sets of fencing foils, twenty-four ball-players' suits, and an adequate supply of masks, gloves, protectors, etc., for all probable requirements. The suits are to have the name of the ship across the breasts of the shirts.

This move has been made, not only in the belief that athletic exercises are good for the men who indulge in them, but that the interest exerted by competition between the ships' crews in manly sports will tend to take the place of less wholesome entertainments when the men are ashore. The pride of each ship in its own crack sportsmen will add to the esprit de corps and the hope is that the moral tone of the whole navy will be raised by the new plan in spite of occasional abuses which will doubtless be inevitable.—New York Post.

## HE SAW NO SCARCITY.

How Lord Milner Took Expensive Bath at Johannesburg.

Some of the unfortunate happenings in South Africa were caused by the failure of officials in high places to note warning conditions which were obvious to people occupying less exalted points of view.

Some time before war was declared there was a water famine in Johannesburg. The city fairly gasped with thirst.

The citizens had other grievances, and it was decided to invite Lord Milner to Johannesburg, and lay matters before him. The first morning after his arrival he amazed the hotel attendants by ordering a bath. Bathing was a luxury, which even the rich were denied at that time. Poor people had to go unwashed, while the wealthy dipped daintily into basins filled with imported English soda water at two shillings a bottle.

But Lord Milner's orders could not be ignored.

"Fill the tub with soda water!" exclaimed the proprietor.

So Lord Milner splashed, all unconscious of the drought and panic his abruptions had brought upon the rest of the establishment.

Later that day, among the grievances submitted to him was the woe of scarcity of water.

"Scarcity of water?" he repeated. "I've observed no scarcity, gentlemen; I had my bath this morning."

## To Face a Concert.

When the low music makes a dusk of sound,  
About us, and the viol of far-off horn,  
Swells out above it like a wind forlorn,  
That wanders, seeking something never found,  
What phantom in your brain, on what dim ground,  
Traces its shadowy lines? What vision,  
Of unfulfillment, fades in mere self-scorn,  
Or grows, from that still twilight stealing round?

When the lids droop and the hands lie unstrung,  
Dare one divine your dream, while the chords weave  
Their cloudy web from key to key and die—  
It is one fate that, since the world was young,  
Had followed man, and made him half believe  
The voice of instruments a human cry!

## A Street Car Rejection.

It happened on a Lexington avenue car when the theater crowds were speeding homeward. The car was crowded. A pretty girl was discussing the performance with an elderly woman. Next to her was a finely dressed man, who had dined "not wisely but too well." For blocks and blocks he kept his eyes fastened on the back of the pretty girl's head, hardly ever winking. Pretty soon every one in the car was doing the same, wondering what on earth could be the matter. The girl finally turned around, and the man, with elaborate courtesy, lifted his hat.

"Then you won't marry me?" he said with all seriousness.

"No, I won't," snapped the girl. "So sorry," murmured the man, and repeating this phrase, he backed to the rear of the car, lifting his hat each time he spoke. Reaching the platform, he sighed profoundly, bowed once too often, and fell off the car.—New York Press.



**Famous Mormon Hill Is Sold.**  
The famous "Mormon Hill," near Newark, N. Y., on which Joseph Smith asserted he found the golden plates of the "Book of Mormon," and the Urim and Thummim, has recently been sold, as part of a farm, to Walter J. Hunt. James Wilson was the former owner. The elders of the Mormon church in Utah have made several attempts to secure possession of the hill. Smith had his manuscript published in 1830 at Palmyra, and he averred that the golden plates disap-



peared mysteriously soon afterward. The original manuscript is now in a bank vault at Richmond, Mo.

## Testing the Will Power.

There is a wonderful little instrument which is called the myograph, invented by Prof. Elmer Gates, to test a person's will power. The individual takes hold of the handle and repeatedly pulls the cord, which unwinds from a pulley, and owing to the nature of the mechanism, the pull requires a uniform amount of energy throughout the whole length of the motion. Gradually, however, and unknown to the individual, the instrument is made to move, for example, one-fiftieth harder, and so on, until the energy-difference between the original and more difficult motion is perceptible to the person. The more practice a person has with such an instrument the greater becomes the mind's capacity to will its attention to the feelings of muscular energy. Briefly, the object is to make the intellectual functions respond quicker than they ordinarily do by a process of training.

## Queer Matrimonial Arrangement.

Two girls—twin sisters from the mountains of Tennessee—have gone to Vinita, I. T., to meet a man at that place who has agreed to marry the one who makes the best impression upon him at their meeting. This is a case where the parties were brought into communication through the agency of a matrimonial paper. Both girls sent their photos, but the would-be groom could not make up his mind which he liked best, so sent money for both to come, that he might make his choice between them. To prove that his intentions were all right the territory man sent money for the girl's big brother to come along and see that everything was square.

## A Weighty Club.

A society of some weight has just been established in Marseilles under the title of the "Cent-Kilos de Marseille." The main condition of membership is that no one shall be eligible whose weight is less than 100 kilos (about 184 lb.). The officers, it need scarcely be added, have been elected by weight also. The president turns the scale at 145 kilos, the secretary at 138. With a weight of 136 kilos it would appear no easy task for the treasurer to decamp in a hurry with the roll of the society's funds. So far the roll of membership runs to about thirty.—London Answers.

## Odd Vehicle.

The inventor of this vehicle says it will carry four people, without counting the driver. It is strong, easy to draw, and can turn in a horse's length.



The driver completely controls the animal, and no dust is thrown up to inconvenience the sitters, for by the time it rises the car is well in advance of it. It is cheap; the harness is simple and safe. The horse is sheltered from heat, and rain, and flies.

## NEVER SAW SUCH LARGE YIELDS.

The Climate Is Healthy—The Winters Are Pleasant in Western Canada.

Writing from Stirling, Alberta, to one of the agents representing the Canadian Government free homestead lands, Mr. M. Pickrell, formerly of Beechwood, Ky., says of Western Canada:

"In the first place we will say that the summer season is just lovely indeed. As to the winter, well, we never experienced finer weather than we are now enjoying. We have just returned from Northern Alberta, and will say that we found the weather to be very mild, the air dry, fresh and invigorating. Considering everything we can say that the winters here are most pleasant, healthy and enjoyable to what they are in the States. Here it gets cold and continues so till spring—there are no disagreeable winds. In South Alberta it is some warmer—two to four inches of snow may fall and in a few hours a Chinook wind comes along, evaporating the entire snow, leaving terra firma perfectly dry; in fact, we did not believe this part until we came and saw for ourselves and we now know what we herein write to be just as we write it. There has not been a day this winter that I could not work out doors. Farmers here are calculating on starting the plow the first of March.

"As to farm wages, we would not advise a man to come here with the expectation of living by his day's work, but all who do want a home I advise to have nerve enough to get up and come, for there never has been, and may never be again, such a grand opportunity for a man to get a home almost free.

"As to the crops, I have been in the fields before harvest, saw the grass put up and the grain harvested, and I never saw such large yields. I saw oats near Edmonton over six feet tall that yielded 80 bushels per acre, and I talked to a farmer near St. Albert who had a field year before last that averaged 110 bushels per acre and weighed 43 pounds to the bushel. All other crops would run in proportion—as to potatoes and vegetables, the turnout was enormous. I have such reports as the above from all sections that I have visited, and that has been every community between the Edmonton district and Raymond, in the Lethbridge district.

"As to stock raising, I would advise a man to locate in this place, or any place, in South Alberta, but for mixed farming I would say go up farther north, say near Lacombe, Wetaskiwin or Edmonton, where it is not quite so dry and where there is some timber to be had. I will say that nowhere have I ever seen a better opportunity for a man, whether he has money or not, to obtain a home. Nowhere can be found a more productive soil, better water and a better governed country than Western Canada affords. Inducements to the homeseeker are unexcelled. I met two men near Ponoka on the C. & E. R., who borrowed the money to pay for their homestead, and in four years those two men sold their farms—one for \$2,500, the other for \$3,000. I met a man near Wetaskiwin who landed here with 25 cents six years ago. He is now worth \$8,000. The advantages for ranching are excellent. In fact, I do not believe this section can be beat. Markets are good; as to living, a family can live as cheap here as they can in the States. The average yield of oats in this neighborhood last year was 70 bushels per acre; wheat averaged 35, barley 40, and the beet crop was good. In consequence of the successful cultivation of the beet a large beet sugar factory is being erected at Raymond, seven miles from here.

"In conclusion I will say that N. W. T. from Manitoba to a long distance north of Edmonton produces most wonderful crops. Lakes and rivers abound with fish, and game is plentiful. And that this is unquestionably the country for a man to come to if he desires to better his condition in life. I would advise the prospective settler to look over the Lethbridge, Lacombe, Wetaskiwin and Edmonton districts before locating.

"I will locate in the Edmonton district next fall and several families from the States will locate with me. In the meantime I will receive my mail here and will be pleased to give the interested all the information desired."

For information as to railway rates, etc., apply to any agent of the Canadian Government, whose name appears elsewhere in this paper.

## To Celebrate Anniversary.

The Rev. Albert Stroehle, the American missionary to St. Andrew's Island, off the coast of Nicaragua, has arrived in this country to observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination as a priest.

**Had Swallowed a Pearl.**  
An eel was recently discovered which had quite a little fortune in its possession. It was a peasant of the province of Brescia, in Italy, who discovered the hoard in the shape of a large black pearl. He was eating the eel picked when he came across the stone, which he took to Milan, and sold for over \$5,000.

**Pay Large Sums for Wood.**  
France has an excess of firewood, which sells with difficulty, and an insufficiency of wood for manufacture. Her bill for imported wood amounts to \$2,000,000 a year. England's is fifty times that sum.

**New Version.**  
The father of twins in Chanute has arrived at the conclusion, a local paper says, that the reason a doctor is called a "stork" at certain times is on account of the size of his bill.—Kansas City Star.

**America Annually Loses \$30,000,000.**  
The annual loss by expatriation of wealthy Americans who have taken up permanent residence abroad is placed at \$30,000,000.

**Rare Example of Honesty.**  
The other day a woman in Geneva lost a pocketbook containing \$40,000. It was found and returned by a lamp lighter.

**Oranges to Be Plentiful.**  
Between 22,000 and 23,000 carloads of oranges will be shipped from Southern California this year.

**To Push Vegetarian Ideas.**  
St. Louis vegetarians are planning to establish in that city a co-operative vegetarian restaurant.

**Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.**  
Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. B. Olmsted, Lefroy, N. Y.

Butter is seldom a strong point in favor of a boarding house.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

The self-made man has a profound contempt for a pedigree.

Lewis' "Single Binder." The richest quality cigar on the market at straight 5c. Always reliable. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

The black sheep generally lives to a ripe old age, whereas the spring lamb dies young.



## Colonist Rates to California.

Tickets to Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, and numerous other points in California, will be on sale daily to and including June 15, 1903, by the Santa Fe at rate of \$25 from Kansas City. These tickets will be good for stopovers at various points in California en route, and will be honored on fast trains carrying Free Chair Cars and Pullman Tourist Sleepers. The best line to California is the Santa Fe, a road under one management, and operating trains over its own rails. Literature describing the route, equipment and the state free by applying to the undersigned.

**Santa Fe.**  
GEO. W. HAGENBUCH,  
Gen'l Agt. Pass. Dept., A. T. & S. F. Ry.  
Kansas City, Mo.

## FARM WANTED FOR CASH.

I want to buy a fair sized farm in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas or Texas, prefer portion ready for cultivation. Not too long haul from railroad and post-office. Will not deal with agents. Address, at once, as this ad. will not appear again.  
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**St. Jacobs Oil**  
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10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE